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# ADELAIDE:

A

TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMING

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

---

BY

HENRY JAMES PYE,

POET LAUREAT.

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CELEBRARE DOMESTICA FACTA.—HOR.

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LONDON:

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ADDENDUM

TRAVELLER

IN FIVE DAYS

WITH TRAVELLER'S

THE TRAVELLER'S

HENRY JAMES

NO. 1

THE TRAVELLER'S



THE TRAVELLER'S

THE TRAVELLER'S

THE TRAVELLER'S

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury-Square,

## P R E F A C E.

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**T**HE Author having been said both to have adhered too closely and deviated too widely from historic truth in this Tragedy, the following extracts from Lord Littleton's History of Henry II. are given to shew how far either of these opinions may be just.

“ From Gervase of Canterbury we learn, that Philip demanded back his sister, who, having been many years accorded to Richard, was not yet married to him, but was kept like a captive, under strict custody, by King Henry in England.

“ If Henry (as some modern historians have supposed) was afraid of contracting another alliance with the French royal family, from the experience he had of the bad effects of that which his eldest son had made, he should not have sworn to let this be accomplished, but should have restored the Princess to her brother, whether he did, or did not, admit the pretensions of that King to Gisors. For, he could have no right to detain her in his custody one single day, after he had resolved to break the match, on account of which she had been, so many years before, entrusted to his care. The desire  
he

he had shewn of marrying her to John, instead of Richard, had been dropt in the year eleven hundred and eighty-five, and could not now be resumed consistently with the oath taken by him in the year eleven hundred and eighty-six. Nor is it said by any one contemporary writer, that he made mention of it in the conferences now held with the King of France on this subject. It was, therefore, extremely difficult to justify or excuse his not doing one of these two things, either marrying Adalais, without delay, to Richard, or sending her back to her brother. When wise men act unwisely, the cause must be usually sought for in their passions. I therefore cannot doubt, that the real motive of his otherwise unaccountable conduct was a passionate love for this Princess. It has been mentioned before what reason there is to believe, that he had sought a divorce from Eleanor his wife, by the authority of Pope Alexander the Third, which would, if obtained, have enabled him to wed Adalais himself: but, even when this had been refused, he might flatter himself, that some of Alexander's successors would be more complaisant; or that Eleanor, who was old, might die before him, and leave him free to make this lady his queen. Love too easily hopes what it ardently wishes; and the supposing him under the tyranny of that passion, which is commonly attended with a greater degree of dotage in elderly men than in young, unravels the whole mystery of his present and subsequent proceedings. For it was natural, if he loved Adalais, that he should rather incline to risk a war (however dangerous it might be) than to think of parting with her, and delivering her to her brother, who might presently marry her to another Prince." *on Holmboe* LYTTLETON, p. 345.

To this passage there is a note in the Appendix, vindicating Henry from the charge of having seduced Adelais.

“ A contemporary writer says, that Philip in this conference, reconciled Richard with Henry ; but could not reconcile John, who was then making war, in another part of France against his father. And almost all the historians of that age agree, that, after the taking of Mans, John did join in the league which Henry’s enemies had concluded. This desertion must have been the sudden effect of some offers, made to him by his brother, in which he thought he should better find his account than in any benefits which his father, who was not likely to live long, could effectually bestow. And I think it more probable, that intelligence sent to Henry of his having taken arms against him in Normandy informed that King of his treason, than that he learnt it, (as Hoveden says he did), by Philip’s communicating to him a list of an association against him, at the head of which was Prince John. In whatever manner he knew it, the knowledge proved fatal. The agitation of his mind had lately been too great for a body grown infirm. He was now in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Those passions which have naturally the most hurtful effects on the human constitution, anger and grief, tore his heart. In his quarrel with Richard he had not been wholly blameless ; and a sense of this made the evils it had brought upon him more painful. But the enormous ingratitude, and horrible perfidy of his most beloved son, whose exaltation he was eagerly, and dangerously for himself, endeavouring to procure, gave him a much  
A deeper

deeper wound, the anguish of which, concurring with the shame of receiving terms of peace, imposed by his enemies, and mortifying to him, though not very grievous, threw him into a fever. The day after the last conference he was carried on a litter to the castle of Chinon, and there took to his bed. His son, the Chancellor, had obtained his leave to be absent, when the treaty was signed, that he might not be a witness to his humiliation; but, being informed of his illness, he hastened to Chinon, and finding him so oppressed with the violence of the fever, that he could not sit up in his bed, he raised his head by supporting it upon his own bosom. Henry fetched a deep sigh, and turning his languid eyes upon him said, "My dearest son, as you have, in all changes of fortune, behaved yourself most dutifully and affectionately to me, doing all that the best of sons could do, so will I, if the mercy of God shall permit me to recover from this sickness, make such returns to you, as the best of fathers can make, and place you among the greatest and most powerful subjects in all my dominions. But if death shall prevent me fulfilling this intention, may God, to whom the recompence of all goodness belongs, reward you for me." "I have no wish (replied his son) but that you may recover and may be happy:" after which words he rose up, and, unable to restrain his gushing tears, left the room. Yet, hearing soon that no hopes of life remained, he returned to perform the last duties to his father, who, roused from a kind of trance by the lamentations he uttered, opened his eyes, which had been for some time closed, and, knowing his son, made an effort, with a faint and almost extinguished voice, to express a desire, that he should obtain the bishoprick of Winchester, or rather

rather the archbishopsrick of York. Then taking from his finger a ring of great value, which he before had intended to present to his son-in-law, the King of Castile, he gave it to this Lord with his last blessing, and commanded that another, which was kept in his treasury as his most precious jewel, should be also delivered to him. After this he sunk down, and in a short time expired."

LYTTLETON, B. v. p. 262, 263.

The Chancellor mentioned here was Geoffry, son to the King by Rosamond, and brother to Longsword, Earl of Salisbury. As a fighting prelate would not be in character in these days, the author has represented him under his mother's name, Clifford, as a young warrior, who devotes himself to the church in consequence of grief for the death of his father.

Henry was so sensible of his filial piety, that on a former occasion he said *that his other sons, by their conduct, had proved themselves bastards, but this alone had shewn himself to be really his true and legitimate son.*

BOOK IV. p. 195.

PROLOGUE.

ADDRESS TO THE TRAGIC MUSE,

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, Esq.

*And Spoken by Mr. C. KEMBLE.*

OH Thou! around whose throne, in awful state,  
By Fear and Pity rang'd, the passions wait:  
At whose commanding call, from every age,  
Hosts swept by death from Nature's changeful stage;  
Chiefs, and stern patriots, and the scepter'd train,  
Rise from the tomb, and glow with life again!  
Before thy lifted eye, th' Historic Muse  
Presents the pageant of her passing views;  
And, on the column of recording time,  
Points sculptur'd groups of Virtue, Woe, and Crime.  
Tamer of Man! beneath thy boundless reign  
Wild Fancy shapes her visionary train,  
Embodies airy beings all her own,  
And rules, with wizard wand, the world unknown;  
Leagues the weird Sisters where the night-storm raves,  
Drags howling spectres from reluctant graves;  
Bids fear, with icy dew-drops, freeze the frame,  
When horror broods o'er "deeds without a name;"  
From realms of tortur'd spirits lifts the veil,  
And half reveals th' unutterable tale.

Yet, sov'reign of the soul! thy sway refin'd,  
Charms while it awes, afflicts, yet soothes the mind:  
Guardian of moral sense, and feeling shame,  
Firm guide of Virtue, mask'd in Pleasure's name:  
Lo! on Guilt's glowing cheek, strange drops appear,  
Where burns, like molten lead, the new-born tear:

Lull'd

Lull'd by thy voice, the painful struggles cease,  
 Mild Melancholy breathes returning peace ;  
 Repentance forms a wish to be forgiv'n,  
 And Angels waft a pray'r half-breath'd to Heav'n.

Oh! while thy forceful strokes at will controul,  
 Or tender touches humanize the soul!  
 Send Terror forth, the vengeful goddess guide,  
 Tame the mad insolence of earthly pride ;  
 Each dire vicissitude of life reveal,  
 Till trembling tyrants fear what wretches feel ;  
 Send Pity forth, and while her suasive pow'r  
 Allures to woe the sadly-pleasing hour ;  
 To cold Prosperity's strange gaze expose  
 The painful image of unnotic'd woes ;  
 Nurse the soft sense that man to man endears,  
 And soothes the sufferer in the vale of tears.

Fix'd on this base, our Poet rests his claim,  
 And woos, in your applause, the voice of fame ;  
 On English annals builds historic rhymes,  
 And calls the spirit forth of feudal times ;  
 Such, as of old, to Syria's shouting coast  
 Led lion-hearted Richard's Christian host ;  
 When England's King the red-cross flag unfurl'd,  
 And darken'd in its shade the Pagan world.  
 Such, as of late, in Heav'n's appointed hour,  
 Gaul's vaunted Idol drove from Acre's tow'r ;  
 When Cross and Crescent in just league combin'd,  
 Smote, in his pride, the murderer of mankind :  
 While Albion's naval Hero foremost trod,  
 Scatter'd the Host that scorn'd the living God ;  
 And Asia, rescu'd from th' Oppressor's might,  
 Hail'd *Allah's* name, and crown'd the "*Christian Knight*."

## EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY J. TAYLOR, Esq.

*And Spoken by MISS MELLON.*

**W**HAT an odd creature was this Gallic maid,  
To seek a cloister's melancholy shade,  
Whilst a young ardent lover, high in arms,  
Submissive bow'd before her conqu'ring charms!  
Grant thee the father would supplant the son,  
The double vict'ry by her graces won,  
Should but have fir'd the nymph to take the field;  
In the proud hope a thousand more might yield:  
Beauty should gain new laurels every day,  
And nobly aim at universal sway.  
Besides, to give some glory to the thing,  
Her venerable victim was a King;  
And then how vast the triumph, to ensnare  
The fam'd gallant of Rosamond the fair!  
Unhappy Rosamond, whose piteous fate,  
Love, with a sigh, for ever shall relate!

But to our play—The heroine's case was hard,  
So oft to wedlock near, so oft debarr'd;  
And then that meddling priest to interfere  
When youthful passions urged their fond career,  
Bid the poor swain to Palestine depart,  
That he might lose his head as well as heart.  
Why, if the man had known his place aright,  
He would not sep'rate lovers, but unite;  
His duty was to join love's gentle elves,  
And as to parting—leave it to themselves:

Or

## EPILOGUE.

xi

Or if there needs another's help, at least,  
'Tis bus'ness for the lawyer, not the priest.  
Nay, had this legate paus'd a week, or so,  
The spouse might then have been content to go,  
And rather rush amid the martial strife,  
Than wage close warfare with a wrangling wife.  
Well! women must be strangely chang'd, I vow,  
No girls from lovers fly to convents now;  
None here will hide in dismal dens from man,  
But range the world, and conquer all they can.  
Now to our bard—The man pretends to say,  
There's more of truth than fiction in his play;  
If so, from him avert all hostile aim,  
And e'en let gossip History bear the blame.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

---

<i>King Henry</i> .....	MR. AICKIN.
<i>Prince Richard</i> .....	MR. KEMBLE.
<i>Prince John</i> .....	MR. BARRYMORE.
<i>Clifford, a son of King Henry by</i> } <i>Rosamond</i> .....	MR. C. KEMBLE.
<i>Legate</i> .....	MR. CORY.
<i>Officer</i> .....	MR. MADDOCKS.
<i>Adelaide, sister to Philip King</i> } <i>of France</i> .....	MRS. SIDDONS.
<i>Emma</i> .....	MISS HEARD.
<i>Abbess</i> .....	MRS. COATES.
<i>Soldiers and Attendants.</i>	

SCENE, Chinon in France.

# ADELAIDE:

A

TRAGEDY.

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## ACT I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

PRINCE JOHN and CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD.

**W**HENCE springs this new delay?—For six  
long years  
Has Adelaide been Richard's destin'd bride,  
Hostage of Peace between the rival nations.  
Yet some vain subterfuge, some weak excuse,  
Ever defers the nuptials.

PRINCE JOHN.

Richard's temper  
Accords but ill with this protracting policy:  
I dread the event.

CLIFFORD.

The sad reverse of fortune  
That mark'd his last revolt, when, join'd in arms  
With faithless Philip, his victorious sword  
Scatter'd our force, might teach our aged monarch  
Not wantonly to rouse again his fury.  
Now too, when circled by unnumber'd foes  
Far from the coasts of England—Our thin squadrons  
To Richard all attach'd, and only waiting  
His signal to revolt.

B

PRINCE

PRINCE JOHN.

Well you know  
 The jealous spirit of my father's counsels,  
 Ever suspicious of his sons. I fear  
 Some busy tongue has whisper'd to his mind,  
 Too apt to listen to such idle rumours,  
 Doubts of my brother's faith.

CLIFFORD.

May ruin seize  
 Such turbid spirits, who with doubts distract  
 The peace of human kind!—Disunion now  
 Is fraught with sure destruction—All our provinces  
 In France will snatch the first pretence to shake  
 Our tottering power.

PRINCE JOHN.

My father builds his hopes  
 On other grounds—The church's interference.  
 Philip and Richard, fir'd by youthful ardor,  
 Have vow'd to lead their powers on Asia's plains  
 Against the impious Saracen;—and now  
 A holy Legate, from the Court of Rome,  
 Is every hour expected to demand  
 Their instant aid. Victorious Saladin  
 O'erpowers the Christian force—wins back their  
 conquests—  
 And threatens to display his silver crescent  
 O'er Salem's hallow'd altars.

CLIFFORD.

Henry never  
 Can be so rash, so lost to every sense  
 Of honor or of prudence, now to suffer  
 His interference to prevail?

PRINCE JOHN.

Not suffer  
 The full accomplishment of schemes he planned?  
 Frustrate his own designs? I'm much deceiv'd,  
 Or

## A TRAGEDY.

11

Or he has us'd his influence to engage  
The Legate to persist in his demand.

CLIFFORD.

If this be true, ah! what can be the event  
But shame and ruin? Tho' the youthful princes  
Are prompt enough with ardent zeal to follow  
This meteor of renown, which oft has led  
Europe's bold sons to distant war, they never  
At such a moment, when the mingled claims  
Of glory and of love demand their stay,  
Will blindly follow Rome's imperious mandate.  
Some deep mysterious cause must surely urge him  
To such a rash attempt.

PRINCE JOHN.

That cause to me  
Is not so deep a mystery.—The passions  
Of Henry are no secret—ever ready  
To catch at beauty's flame. Not jealousy  
Of Philip's arts, or Richard's rash ambition,  
Is the true cause of these suspended nuptials;  
There is another jealousy—fair Adelaide!

CLIFFORD.

Base and injurious slander!—not within  
Loose probability's extreme verge!  
If Henry's firmer years have felt the power  
Of beauty's charms too strongly, is it likely,  
Worn as he is by time, and sad misfortune's  
Still ruder shocks, which with apparent effort  
Have min'd the powers of life, he now should throw  
One thought that way? No! Other cares than  
love,  
Ill-suited to his years, now rack his bosom.

PRINCE JOHN.

That I can hardly credit—I, who know  
How oft his breast has burn'd with lawless passion.  
The lingering embers of habitual vice

Will faintly glow amid the frost of age.  
 How oft his consort, royal Eleanor,  
 Has wept his wandering fancy; while her sons,  
 The generous offspring of a legal bed,  
 Have seen their father's favor basely lavish'd  
 Upon a spurious brood!

CLIFFORD.

This, sir, to me,  
 Is barely short of insult! Happy were it  
 For Henry's peace, if all his legal sons  
 Had learn'd the pious claims of filial duty  
 From those whom you have censur'd.

PRINCE JOHN.

You are warm!

CLIFFORD.

Yes, I avow the charge!—I boast, with pride,  
 A lineage sprung from one of gentle manners,  
 As well as graceful form and noble birth.  
 Nor can I envy, while my fond remembrance  
 Recalls my mother, hapless Rosamond,  
 The turbulent successors of a queen  
 Fierce and ungovernable, whose stern passions  
 Sow'd thorns of sorrow in her husband's bed,  
 And train'd her sons to treason and rebellion!—  
 Your insults I despise—yet my breast glows  
 With indignation, to behold a son,  
 At such a time, when danger lowers around us,  
 Try to excite confusion by a tale,  
 The most improbable that hell-born malice  
 Could e'er suggest!—I go to cross your schemes,  
 To counteract such arts—as far at least  
 As my weak power avails. I go to keep  
 The few, but valiant, troops that I command,  
 Free from your wiles, and firm in their allegiance!

[Exit.

PRINCE

PRINCE JOHN, *alone.*

Go and exult in your illustrious birth,  
 And honest folly—These uncertain hints,  
 Or I am much deceiv'd, will find from Richard  
 A better welcome. His unguarded passions  
 Will catch at once the probable suspicion,  
 And kindle into rage. My mother's arts  
 Have set aside the infant Arthur's claim,  
 And well I hop'd this frantic hero Richard  
 Would leave his bones in Palestine; while I  
 Stood fair for England's throne. This purpos'd  
 marriage  
 May bar my expectations—'Tis not Rome  
 Will check his course, while love for Adelaide  
 Inflames his bosom—I must move his fancy  
 To doubt her faith—My father!

*Enter* KING HENRY.

KING HENRY.

I am much  
 Perplex'd—your doubts alarm me—yet I dread  
 Impetuous Richard's violence, should this marriage  
 Be once again postpon'd. Added to this—  
 Is not my faith to royal Philip pledg'd?  
 By solemn treaty pledg'd?

PRINCE JOHN.

That solemn treaty  
 Deprives you of your crown—For know, the mo-  
 ment  
 The altar seals the nuptial vows of Adelaide,  
 False Philip join'd with my unnatural brother  
 In impious league, will seize upon your person,  
 And place the crown of England on the brow  
 Of Richard.

KING HENRY.

Monstrous perfidy! If this  
 Be true—

PRINCE

## ADELAIDE:

PRINCE JOHN.

Has ever yet my faith to you  
Been tainted by the breath of foul suspicion ?

KING HENRY.

Never, my duteous son—yet these dire tidings,  
So fatal to my peace, this cruel treachery,  
Have pierc'd my soul with anguish.—But, does  
Philip

So poorly deem of England's potent monarch ?  
Is Henry's name in arms so little known,  
That he can for a moment think I'll yield,  
Nor strike a blow for freedom and for empire ?  
Rouse all my gallant warriors ! We will meet  
His coward perfidy with manly vengeance.

PRINCE JOHN.

Where are those gallant warriors ! Distant far  
From England's happy shores and faithful swains,  
True to their Prince of Egbert's royal line—  
Guarded by doubtful Normans—All your hope  
Is to delay these nuptials.

KING HENRY.

How delay them ?—

PRINCE JOHN.

The Legate.

KING HENRY.

What of him ?

PRINCE JOHN.

He is, I know,  
Employ'd by Rome to hasten the departure  
Of Philip and my brother for the plains  
Of holy Palestine. And yet, perhaps,  
Even Rome's commands may not be proof against  
The arts of their ambition. He may barter  
The church's interest for the gold of France—  
Then counteract their schemes—in private second,  
By

# A TRAGEDY.

15

By splendid gifts and ample promises,  
The Legate's perseverance.

KING HENRY.

With reluctance  
I yield to such a measure—dire necessity  
Alone compels me.—O my son, beware  
How you permit your bosom e'er to harbor  
The demons of ambition.—Did you know  
The scorpion thoughts that sting a monarch's heart,  
When base ingratitude, with envious eye  
Surveys his purest actions, and imputes  
His best designs to tyranny and pride,  
You would avoid the splendid load of empire  
As the worst burthen Heaven can lay on man.

[Exit.

PRINCE JOHN.

Such is the language of a sickly mind  
Sated with power. My free, undaunted spirit  
Looks up with eager transport to this burthen,  
This splendid weight of royalty ; nor fears  
To meet the glorious toil that empire brings.  
My brother here ?—'tis well—now art assist me.

*Enter* PRINCE RICHARD.

PRINCE RICHARD.

O give my passions way—my tortur'd bosom  
Is torn, is agitated, ev'n to madness !

PRINCE JOHN.

What has enrag'd you thus ?

PRINCE RICHARD.

Have you not heard ?—  
Henry has found another mean pretence  
To cross my promis'd nuptials, tho' confirm'd,  
By solemn oath, between the rival monarchs.

PRINCE JOHN.

Say on what ground ?

PRINCE

PRINCE RICHARD.

The cause assigned is this.  
 He waits the arrival of the Roman legate,  
 To ratify his right to those dominions  
 Which Philip gives in dower with Adelaide—  
 Injurious claim!—Must Rome's encroaching priest  
 Thus with our treaties interfere? Shall we—  
 Shall Europe's independent monarchs suffer  
 Such gross indignity?

PRINCE JOHN.

But you are bound  
 By holy ties—you have assum'd the cross;  
 Till you are freed from those by Rome's decree,  
 You cannot wed.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Let the proud Roman pontiff  
 Beware how he offends me—I am still,  
 A few short months first to my love devoted,  
 Ready to lead our gallant English troops  
 To check the furious Saracen. If thus  
 He dare insult the champion of the cross,  
 Will Richard draw a sword in such a cause?  
 Confusion!—Do my sufferings move your mirth?

PRINCE JOHN.

Indeed they do not. Yet I smile to see  
 You turn your anger on the Roman pontiff,  
 When nearer much, perhaps, the real cause  
 Of this delay may lie.

PRINCE RICHARD.

I'm lost in wonder—  
 Ten thousand wild conjectures cloud at once  
 My troubled senses. Tell me—instant tell me,  
 Where your suspicions point.

PRINCE JOHN.

Enquire no more—  
 Perhaps 'tis mere conjecture, and my thoughts  
 Would but distract you.

# A TRAGEDY.

17

PRINCE RICHARD.

Brother, is this well?—  
Is this a friendly part? Your cooler temper  
Feels not the whirlwind of tempestuous passion  
That tears my struggling bosom.

PRINCE JOHN.

My surmises,  
Devoid perhaps of truth, might raise that passion  
To giddy violence—let me be silent—  
I have said too much already.

PRINCE RICHARD.

If you know  
Aught that concerns my peace, at once unfold it.  
To play thus with my passions, nor becomes  
A brother nor a friend. Those names are cancell'd  
If longer you refuse to clear the mystery  
That hangs on all your words.

PRINCE JOHN.

When thus adjur'd,  
Tho' heaven knows how unwillingly, I give  
The secret councils of my bosom. Know  
Your Adelaide has charms in other eyes.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Amazement! It can never be.—Who dares  
Even cast a look toward her—form even a thought  
That tends that way?

PRINCE JOHN.

O there are daring spirits,  
Who, feeling love's strong influence, will attempt  
Whate'er *that* love suggests.

PRINCE RICHARD.

But let that hero,  
That daring spirit, guard his bosom well  
Against my just resentment. By the powers,  
The awful powers of vengeance, safer might he

C

Snatch

Snatch from the famish'd pard his prey, than cross  
My love for Adelaide!

PRINCE JOHN.

And yet—

PRINCE RICHARD.

Yet what?

PRINCE JOHN.

Perhaps I am deceived; perhaps my fancy  
Too freely construes what my eye observes.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Your eye observes?—Curse on your hesitation,  
Speak out at once, and give me instant ease;  
Even torture is a bliss to what I feel!

PRINCE JOHN.

Collect yourself—be calm—and I will speak.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Well, I am calm; proceed.

PRINCE JOHN.

Then—I suspect  
Your father is your rival.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Ha! my father!

PRINCE JOHN.

Does that excite your wonder? Is his heart  
Dead to the power of beauty? He has eyes—  
And Adelaide has charms.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Henry my rival?—

It cannot be. Slave as he is to passion,  
It's wildest stretch of fury ne'er could drive him  
To such a monstrous thought—to sink within him  
All sense of shame—I never can believe it.

PRINCE JOHN.

You must be right—I'm glad you take it thus—  
'Twas only my suspicion, first excited

By

# A TRAGEDY.

19

By too officious friendship. Henry's care  
For your eternal welfare, solely moves him  
To wait the purpose of the Roman See.  
We know his pious zeal, his warm attachment  
To Rome's dominion.

PRINCE RICHARD.

I am undeceiv'd—  
Your words have flash'd conviction on my soul.—  
And is it thus? Is this the kind return  
Of love parental for my faithful service?  
Was it for this, in many a bloody field  
My daring arm pierc'd thro' Ierne's squadrons,  
And crown'd his brows with conquest? While  
these limbs  
Brav'd in his cause the adverse elements—  
A father reckless of his son, and breaking  
Vows form'd in the face of Heav'n, violating  
The sacred laws of hospitality,  
My dearest rights invaded.  
It is too much, my agonizing soul  
Bursts at the thought.

PRINCE JOHN.

Yet, hear me for a moment.

PRINCE RICHARD.

O! you have rais'd a tempest in my soul,  
And every calmer thought is driv'n before it—  
Yes, I will have revenge—my sword shall right  
me—

The duty of a son, a subject's faith,  
By this foul deed are void. Had I no friend,  
No brother, no companion sworn in arms,  
Who would with generous force oppose such ty-  
ranny,  
And shield my plighted bride?—O torture! tor-  
ture!

Perhaps the fickle fair one yielded up  
Her easy faith at once—Perfidious Adelaide !

PRINCE JOHN.

Restrain yourself—give not the rein to fury—  
Suspend your violence 'till clearer proof.  
Confirm this tale of guilt.

PRINCE RICHARD.

What clearer proof  
Can there be of her falsehood ? Had she not  
Listen'd with pleasure to my father's vows,  
I should have shar'd her grief—The horrid tale  
Conceal'd from me, proclaims her infamy.

PRINCE JOHN.

Perhaps her timid caution threw a veil  
Over his base designs, lest indignation  
Should drive you to some fatal act.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Such caution  
Was treason to my love. But here I vow  
To leave her and these guilty walls for ever—  
The vile abode of outrage. Triumph, Philip !  
I come once more to combat on your side.  
Yet, ere I go, perfidious, cruel maid,  
I will again behold you, will upbraid you  
With this unheard-of baseness.

PRINCE JOHN.

If you prize  
Your just revenge, your honor, shun, O shun  
The dangerous interview—Her syren tears  
Will shake your firmness.

PRINCE RICHARD.

What are tears to me !  
When I have proof of her inconstancy  
Engraven on my heart, in characters  
No circumstance can alter. Were she fairer  
Than

Than love itself could fancy—Ah ! what fancy  
 Can image beauties fairer than her own—  
 She should not dupe the injur'd soul of Richard—  
 No—I will scorn her wiles, and proudly tell her  
 I laugh at ties her perjur'd heart has broken.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

*Scene, another Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ADELAIDE and EMMA.*

EMMA.

**M**ADAM, forgive the fond solicitude  
 That on your pensive solitude presumes  
 Thus rashly to intrude. Those plaintive sighs,  
 That look of sorrow, when your dearest wishes  
 Seem plac'd within your reach, awake my wonder.

ADELAIDE.

Alas ! my Emma, tho' the smiles of peace  
 Have smooth'd the rugged front of war, and  
 Richard,  
 My bosom's lord, will soon receive my hand,  
 Given with a father's and a brother's sanction,  
 I feel a load of sorrow on my soul ;  
 And my prophetic fears, in spite of reason,  
 Subdue my wearied spirits.

EMMA.

Thus it happens,  
 That wayward fancy will imagine ills  
 To wound the breast of peace ; and when the sub-  
 stance  
 Of real evil is o'ercome, the mind  
 Conjures up shadows of ideal woe.

Why

Why turn unthankful from the present good,  
To fix your eye on visionary forms  
Of fancied grief.

ADELAIDE.

Alas! the trembling heart  
That long has felt the oppressive hand of sorrow,  
Distrusts each transitory gleam of joy,  
And doubts the smiles of fortune. O my Emma,  
Unnumber'd dreadful images of horror  
Distract my thoughts: Henry's ambitious mind,  
My brother's restless spirit, and the fire  
That animates my Richard's ardent temper,  
Speak to my shuddering breast a thousand dangers,  
Awake a thousand fears.

EMMA.

Brave tho' he is,  
And truly noble, yet I own the warmth  
Of Richard's passions flames with such impatience,  
As mocks the guard of reason.

ADELAIDE.

O! his soul,  
However fierce, when roused by sense of injur't,  
To me is gentler than the mildest breeze  
That fans the bloom of Spring. He is all kindness.  
To thee, my Richard, is my bosom drawn  
By a resistless force. Thy fame, thy virtues,  
Even thy defects, are dearer in my eyes  
Than all the world united.

EMMA.

Yet his passions  
Are quick and eager; and when once excited,  
As uncontrollable as winds and waves,  
When roars the wintry tempest—Even his love  
Is mingled with a fervor that alarms me,  
When I reflect how much your gentle bosom  
May suffer from it's violence.

ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE.

Sometimes  
I own the same reflections wake my fears—  
Yet, when I see his nobleness of soul,  
A heart incapable even of a thought  
That borders on dishonor, and whose feelings  
The eye at once can read, his faults are lost  
In the bright radiance of surrounding virtues.  
Then he redeems his errors with such kindness,  
Such warm excess of tenderness and love—  
I see you smile, my Emma, at my weakness.

EMMA.

Madam—the Prince—

ADELAIDE.

Leave me, my gentle friend. *[Exit EMMA.]**Enter* PRINCE RICHARD.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Am I permitted ere I go for ever,  
And take a hated object from your sight,  
To speak a few short words?

ADELAIDE.

What mean those accents,  
Faltering and wild, those looks of indignation?  
What has disturb'd you thus?—

PRINCE RICHARD.

Perhaps you thought,  
Because my bosom is not prone to doubt,  
And where I gave my heart, I also gave  
My warmest confidence, it was impossible,  
(Almost indeed it was) that glaring falsehood  
Could alter my opinion; and you wonder  
To find your arts could ever be unravell'd,  
Or I could see when you desired to blind me.

ADELAIDE.

Is this reproach to me?—Have I deserv'd  
This

This mean suspicion?—On what bold pretence  
Do you arraign my faith?—Some envious tongue  
Has blasted my fair fame!—But let the traitor—

PRINCE RICHARD.

Madam, beware—For know, the indignation  
That on the brow of slander'd innocence  
Shews lovely, and is thron'd in dignity,  
Speaks in the frown of guilt a harden'd mind,  
That braves the sense of shame.

ADELAIDE.

Sir, could I bear  
This taunt of infamy with brow unruffled,  
I should by acquiescence give a colour  
To this unmanly stroke of coward malice.  
But, by the voice of conscious truth acquitted,  
I scorn its efforts, and I court the conflict.  
To the severest test, let malice bring  
My every action—Point one guilty stain  
To blot my spotless fame, my blameless faith  
To vows, once breath'd to you, ere frantic passion  
Thus taught distemper'd jealousy to start  
At self-created phantoms.

PRINCE RICHARD.

This is all  
Your sex's art, screening your own inconstancy  
Beneath a lover's weakness, and excusing  
Your own mean falsehood by the storm of jealousy  
Excited by that falsehood. Think again—  
Search well your inmost soul, and answer truly,  
If I am not betray'd.

ADELAIDE.

No—on my honor—  
Not even in thought by me.

PRINCE RICHARD.

False maid, beware—  
Honor's a sacred name, by which adjur'd

Even

Even open guilt, that is not sunk by meanness,  
Debas'd, as well as profligate—will pause.—

ADELAIDE.

This is too much ! Have I deserv'd this usage ?  
Knighthood should blush, basely to injure one  
Without a friend to right her ; left an hostage  
Here among strangers—yet I have a brother—  
Ah no ! rash Philip is a rude associate  
Of your designs. I am alone—deserted—  
The mock of fortune.

PRINCE RICHARD.

You the mock of fortune ?  
Is England's monarch then, is potent Henry  
Become so low as not to have the power  
To vindicate his mistress ? Does that wound you ?  
I see the conscious guilt glow in your face—  
Your blushes speak your falsehood.

ADELAIDE.

Yes—the blood,  
Rous'd by the sense of virtuous indignation,  
Mounts to my cheek, to hear the base aspersions  
By cruel malice fram'd. My Lord ! My Lord !  
There needed not this subtle veil of slander  
To hide your wavering heart. O you were free  
To follow your own will—you might have left me,  
Have gone where proud ambition's gilded trophies,  
Or newer charms, had lur'd you, and not form'd  
This wretched scheme, improbable as false,  
To stain my virgin fame. I was deceiv'd—  
I thought that bosom, tho' the slave of passion,  
Was more the slave of virtue, and could never  
Harbour a thought that honor disavow'd.  
How has my heart been frozen oft by terror,  
When I have pictur'd to myself the dangers  
That might await your rashness, and have seen you  
In fancy's eye, borne from the fatal combat

D

A bleeding

A bleeding corse. What are my sufferings now ?  
 To view the idol of my adoration,  
 The image of all glory, all perfection,  
 Form'd by my partial love, defac'd, and mangled  
 By this injurious stroke of mean suspicion—  
 O ! 'tis too much—it rives my tortur'd soul.

*[Supports herself against the Scene.*

PRINCE RICHARD.

What have I done ? My rash impetuous frenzy  
 O'erpowers her gentle frame—I cannot leave her  
 In this distress—humanity forbids it.  
 Look up, my Adelaide !

ADELAIDE.

That well known voice  
 Recalls my wandering senses—But, alas !  
 Where are the gentle kindness, and affection,  
 That once attun'd each accent of that tongue ?  
 You now are anxious to suppose me guilty,  
 And listen to the most unlikely tale  
 That monstrous calumny could e'er invent,  
 With credulous prejudice.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Howe'er my soul  
 Started with horror at the direful thought  
 Of your inconstancy, you cannot doubt  
 My earnest wish to find you innocent.

ADELAIDE.

What can my innocence avail, if thus  
 Each groundless doubt enflames your jealousy ;  
 And every tale, that busy scandal frames,  
 Condemns me in your eye, while accusation  
 Alone is proof of crimes that trembling nature  
 Sickens to think of.

PRINCE RICHARD.

O ! my Adelaide,

Wound

Wound not my bosom farther—deign to clear  
This mystery of fate!—My ear shall drink  
Each word with dumb attention; and my love  
Shall turn the scale of justice on your side  
With partial fondness.

ADELAIDE.

Such partial fondness  
I once had claim'd, and gloried in it's cause.—  
I now should only ask for rigid justice,  
Could I descend so low as to defend  
My slander'd innocence—But know, my heart  
Disdains the thought!—If you suppose me guilty,  
Is it not worth my slightest care to shew  
The injurious falsehood?—I forswear your pre-  
sence!—

Enjoy your frantic visions!—yet, when time  
Shall vindicate my pure, my spotless fame,  
My faith to you unshaken, then, perhaps,  
You may, too late, repent the hasty passion  
That wrong'd me by suspicion!

PRINCE RICHARD.

O! you wound  
My heart with piercing anguish!—Will you leave  
me?  
Leave me for ever? Not one parting look  
To cheer my dark despair?—Am I your scorn?

ADELAIDE.

No! though we part for ever—false and faithless  
As your misguiding frenzy deems me, yet  
I'll not conceal my thoughts. Heaven is my wit-  
ness.

My vows to you have ever been inviolate  
As vestal purity;—and rash, and cruel,  
As you have been, the weakness of my bosom  
(O! that I now must call by such a name  
A passion that was once it's fondest pride)

D 2

Is

Is still to you devoted ; nor can ever  
Another image fill the aching void.

PRINCE RICHARD.

O, agony of grief ! what angel softness  
My cruel doubts have injur'd.—Adelaide !  
You cannot leave me thus.

ADELAIDE.

What ! can you ask me  
Again to come a voluntary victim  
To your unjust suspicions ? Not alone  
The feelings of my heart—my fame, my honor  
Demand the sacrifice ! But time, nor change,  
Shall ever win me to another's arms.—  
Let that suffice—'tis all that I can promise.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Behold me at your feet !—My faltering voice  
Can scarcely breathe the prayer my soul suggests—  
The imperfect accents die upon my tongue.  
Turn not away your eyes ; nor, cruel, hide  
The sweet effusion of repentant mercy  
That swells their moisten'd lids. For pity's sake  
Tear not my bosom thus ! Let not a few,  
A few unguarded words by madness utter'd,  
Plunge me in endless misery.—If ever  
You really lov'd !

ADELAIDE.

Alas ! that I have lov'd.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Have lov'd ! distracting retrospect of bliss  
Which my misguided violence has blasted.—  
And is it past ? Am I belov'd no more ?  
Can you pronounce that cruel doom ?

ADELAIDE.

I cannot—  
Yes—Spite of all the injuries I suffer,  
The fatal weakness lingers in my breast.

PRINCE

PRINCE RICHARD.  
O call not mercy by so harsh a name!  
And will you quit me then?

ADELAIDE.  
Ought I to stay?

PRINCE RICHARD.  
Compel me not thus to condemn myself.

ADELAIDE.  
Say what wild start of frenzy could induce you  
To charge me with a crime of such a dye?—  
To think that I could listen to the vows  
Of one, if he were base enough to breathe them,  
Whom solemn ties of sanctimonious awe  
Precluded from the thought—of Richard's father.

PRINCE RICHARD.  
A love like mine—flaming almost to madness,  
So often cross'd by danger and delay,  
Shrunk at the shade of fear.—My father too—  
The fury of his passions, his rash power  
Eager to violence.—

ADELAIDE.  
What was his power,  
His passion, Sir, to me?—If he could harbour  
So dire a thought—Say what had I to fear?  
Was I expos'd to danger?—England's monarch  
Is not an Asian despot, nor the sister  
Of royal Philip, tho' the pledge of peace  
Between two hostile realms, an eastern slave.—  
Whose dark suspicion could suggest the thought?

PRINCE RICHARD.  
My brother.—

ADELAIDE.  
O beware his artful wiles.—  
I would not harshly speak of one who shares  
Your

Your confidence, or entertain suspicion  
 But on the strongest grounds—Yet I must own  
 There is a lowering gloom hangs o'er his brow,  
 A fullness of aspect, that repels  
 All generous intercourse.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Yet recollect  
 That Henry still has sought each vain pretence  
 How to elude these nuptials—that he only  
 Has yielded to the dread of Philip's power;  
 That even now he is employing arts  
 To bring the Roman Legate to defer  
 Our long expected union.—Weighing this,  
 And knowing how much interest and ambition  
 Should prompt him even to urge our speedy nuptials,  
 Were he not sway'd by some more powerful motive;  
 My long experience of his headstrong passions  
 Which age has yet not weaken'd—never check'd  
 By aught in it's pursuit—all these combin'd  
 Confirm my brother's doubts.

ADELAIDE.

Awful heaven!  
 If this be so—if those by thee entrusted  
 To guard the rights of others, are the first  
 To violate the nearest ties of nature—  
 Ah! where shall persecuted innocence  
 Be shielded from oppression?

PRINCE RICHARD.

Can you pardon  
 The frantic ravings of outrageous passion,  
 That with blaspheming voice presum'd to sully  
 Your spotless innocence?

ADELAIDE.

Of that no more—  
 For we have other cares—Alas! my Richard,  
 Your tidings have alarm'd me.—If your father

Can

Can entertain the purpose you have hinted,  
Which yet I hardly think, one only way  
Can shield me from his power—the cloister's shelter.

PRINCE RICHARD.

And are the hopes you gave me sunk already?—  
Have I but dream'd of bliss? Condemn'd to wake  
To cruel certainty of lasting woe?—

ADELAIDE.

I do not mean seclusion from the world  
By vows irrevocable—Ah, I feel  
My soften'd heart too much to you devoted  
For heaven to claim it solely—I will take  
Protection of the altar for a time,  
Till kinder stars, and happier hours awaits us.—  
Oppose me not in this—

PRINCE RICHARD.

Your faintlike virtue  
Is form'd to soften my too stubborn temper—  
You must—you shall be mine—the guardian powers  
Who watch propitious o'er my country's welfare  
Will sanctify the union, and my people,  
When England's throne is to my care entrusted,  
Shall bless the milder charities that soothe  
My fiery spirit, and with grateful prayers  
Pursue the gentler virtues of their Queen.

ADELAIDE.

Farewell, my Richard—and remember, Adelaide,  
True to your love, and constant to her vows,  
Will neither act, or suffer aught unworthy  
Of Philip's sister, and your destin'd bride.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Farewell my soul's best treasure, and may angels,  
Bright as your form, and spotless as your virtue,  
Watch o'er your steps. [Exit ADELAIDE.

Enter

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN.

PRINCE JOHN.

The prelate sent from Rome  
Is just arriv'd.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Well, then—We now shall see  
If Rome will obstinately still insist  
On my rash vow, or be content awhile  
To wait, 'till first my nuptials are fulfill'd.

PRINCE JOHN.

The court of Rome will hardly be persuaded  
Even to postpone this promis'd expedition.  
When all the Christian world, elate in arms,  
Are eager to protect the holy towers  
From Syria's conquering host.

PRINCE RICHARD.

She must postpone it,  
Or else the war will want the aid of England.

PRINCE JOHN.

How will that sound in the astonish'd ear  
Of all assembled Europe, when around  
Her, panting warriors croud, and martial rage  
Beams from each eye, and glows in every breast;  
While every tongue shall ask, but ask in vain  
For English Richard?—He, whose radiant arms  
Still glitter'd in the dreadful front of battle,  
And, like a flaming meteor, led his squadrons  
To victory and fame?

PRINCE RICHARD.

Spare that reproach—  
I am not now to learn a soldier's duty,  
Or catch the flame of martial emulation  
From bosoms cold as thine. My ardor yet  
Has ne'er been faint, when glory bade it blaze.  
The unwarlike mind, to ease and sloth a slave,  
My

May in the filken lap of luxury  
 Slumber away it's honor—but the heart  
 Fir'd by the generous flame of virtuous love  
 Acquires new courage from the godlike passion,  
 And beauty leads to glory, and to conquest.  
 Yes, Adelaide! from thee my kindling soul  
 Shall catch congenial virtue. Loving thee,  
 I love the abstract of all truth and goodness;  
 And to deserve thee, I must learn to merit  
 True fame's unblemish'd wreath.—Not the extreme  
 Even of punctilious honor, e'er can censure  
 The few short hours I snatch from war and tumult,  
 To seal my nuptial vows. Then, from thy arms,  
 The purest temple of connubial faith,  
 Forth to the field of danger will I rush,  
 A truer champion in the cause of heaven,  
 And proud by deeds of manly hardihood,  
 To prove myself thy knight.

PRINCE JOHN.

I did not mean  
 To hint suspicion of your well-tried courage,  
 But still the bravest are not safe from slander,  
 Whose poisonous breath will blast the fairest fame,  
 Even on the slightest ground.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Then let the coward  
 Who wears the semblance of a worth he has not,  
 Shrink at her touch.—For he whose fame is built  
 On vain opinion only, and but reads  
 His claim to honor in the million's praise,  
 Falls with the baseless pedestal that rais'd him—  
 But he whose pride is founded on the basis  
 Of conscious worth and self-approving virtue,  
 Despises all the empty sneers of scorn,  
 If by the voice of inborn worth acquitted.

E

Come

Come then, my brother, let us seek this prelate,  
And try if Rome has insolence to place  
Her haughty foot on his aspiring head,  
Who vows to lead her holy force to conquest.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

*Scene an Abbey.*

*Enter ADELAIDE and EMMA.*

ADELAIDE.

**Y**E cloister'd walls, whose solemn gloom ex-  
cludes

The busy tumults of a restless world,  
Well could I bury in your deep retreat  
The cares and duties of a court for ever,  
And give my days to solitude and peace.

EMMA.

The gloom that hangs around this solemn mansion  
Obscures your better reason.—Surely, madam,  
You cannot entertain so sad a purpose,  
You, who enjoy each gift of rank and fortune,  
With beauty to enflame a rival world,  
And a heart open to the warmest feelings  
Of soft humanity; not form'd to follow  
The selfish call of lonely meditation,  
But active in the nobler exercise  
Of mild benevolence, and social virtue.

ADELAIDE.

Ah! what can this avail, even if the picture  
Which thy too partial fancy draws were true?  
Do passions lead to happiness? The bosom,  
To each sensation tremblingly alive,  
Feels

Feels but the force of aggravated woe.  
 Why was I born to greatness?—O! my friend,  
 The lowliest village maid, whom humbler fortune  
 Has kindly placed within the happy circle  
 Of joy domestic, feels a thousand comforts  
 That I must never know—she has a mother  
 To soothe her in distress; a father's counsel  
 To guide her steps; a brother's arm to right her.—  
 Have I a brother? No!—for I was torn  
 From every dear connection, and surrender'd  
 A trembling hostage to a foreign court.

EMMA.

Yet there were hours when royal Adelaide,  
 Tho' bred in England's hostile court, bewail'd not  
 An absent father, and a distant country.

ADELAIDE.

Ah! why recall those days of fleeting joy,  
 That never must return? 'Tis true, my Emma,  
 There have been hours when your unhappy friend  
 Thought herself truly blest—when royal Henry,  
 By every gentle blandishment, assuag'd  
 My rising grief, and, with paternal fondness,  
 Left me no cause to weep a father's absence;  
 Nor could I in my Richard's father see  
 Aught but a parent fonder than my own.  
 But, ah! those scenes are past; and their remem-  
 brance

Adds only sorrow to my present fate.—  
 That once rever'd, once honour'd parent, now  
 Becomes the fatal object of my fears;  
 While dark suspicion sheds a gloom of doubt  
 O'er all his actions, and each mark of fondness  
 Seems fraught with shame and ruin.

EMMA.

Madam! see,  
 The King approaches. [Gentlemen, Soldiers.

E 2

Enter

## ADELAIDE:

*Enter* KING HENRY.

ADELAIDE.

Royal sir, this honor  
 I did not here expect—I thought these cloisters  
 Secure from interruption.

KING HENRY.

Why does Adelaide  
 Court solitude and silence? Why prefer  
 The lonely horrors of this sacred mansion  
 To scenes of brighter aspect?

ADELAIDE.

Ah! the scenes  
 Of gay festivity are little form'd  
 To dress in smiles the pensive brow, or soothe  
 A bosom loaded with oppressive sorrow.

KING HENRY.

What sorrow wrings your breast?

ADELAIDE.

Sir! can you ask?  
 Am I not here detained a splendid captive—  
 Kept from a brother's arms?

KING HENRY.

A tie, I hope,  
 Dearer than that of brother, soon will bind you  
 To think yourself our daughter, and our court  
 The centre of your joy.

ADELAIDE.

It will not stain  
 The modest cheek of virgin purity  
 To own my bosom entertains that wish:  
 But I confess the various strange pretences,  
 By which you still elude the solemn treaty  
 With Philip ratified, and yet refuse  
 To yield me to my brother, move my wonder;—  
 And till that mystery is clear'd, I trust

You

You will not deem me wayward, or capricious,  
If I seclude my person from your court,  
And shun your presence.

[*Exeunt ADELAIDE and EMMA.*]

KING HENRY, *alone.*

What can this portend?—

Her words betray mistrust and discontent!  
She plainly thinks I form some deep design  
Against her peace and honor.—Each precaution  
I take against her brother's hot ambition,  
And Richard's treachery, seems in her eye  
An outrage to her safety.—Ha! my son!

*Enter PRINCE JOHN.*

PRINCE JOHN.

I but precede the Legate.—He has enter'd  
The abbey gates—he comes to seek you here—  
My brother too.

KING HENRY.

What! Richard with the Legate?

PRINCE JOHN.

Yes—He has urged him strongly to impart  
The purport of his mission. This refused,  
His anxious expectation leads him hither  
To hear what is resolv'd.

KING HENRY.

His heady violence  
Distracts my inmost soul.—O! that his breast  
Possess'd that steady calm, that filial reverence,  
That marks your words and actions.

PRINCE JOHN.

Royal sir,  
It is my pride, my happiness, to shew  
My duty to your orders—Would to heaven  
My life could buy your peace!—Alas! I fear  
My brother. Yet—

KING

KING HENRY.

Why that mysterious pause ?

PRINCE JOHN.

How can I speak ? I do not wish to raise  
Suspicion in your mind—and yet your safety—

KING HENRY.

I charge you by the duty of a son,  
Which you have ever kept inviolate,  
Disclose your thoughts.

PRINCE JOHN.

Your wishes, sir, to me  
Are absolute commands—all other cares  
Yield to the stronger claims of filial duty.—  
Know, then, impetuous Richard is determin'd,  
Should Rome refuse to free him from his vow,  
To quit these walls, and, join'd in arms with Philip,  
Again renew the war.

KING HENRY.

Accurs'd effect  
Of lawless lust of power !—Alas ! my life  
Has been a scene of trouble—persecuted  
By jealousy of an imperious wife,  
And her rebellious sons ;—yet thou art true,  
Thy faithful breast alone receiv'd no spark  
Of thy stern mother's violence.

PRINCE JOHN.

My lord,  
Behold, the Legate comes.

*Enter the* LEGATE *attended,* PRINCE RICHARD, and  
CLIFFORD.

KING HENRY.

Holy father,  
With reverence that becomes the delegate  
Of Rome's imperial pontiff, I receive  
Your sacred mission, and with due obedience

Await

Await his awful mandate.—Does he suffer  
These long protracted nuptials to proceed?

LEGATE.

Your son to other duties is devoted—  
The cause of heaven demands him. He is bound  
By ties superior to all worldly claims—  
The church expects him now to head her legions.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Behold me ready to obey her summons!—  
I only ask a transitory respite,  
To solemnize my plighted faith to Adelaide.

LEGATE.

Altho' the church approves connubial rites—  
Nay, sanctifies their forms, they must not clash  
With her immediate interests.

PRINCE RICHARD.

I am not  
The slave of sensual appetite—these nuptials  
Are on no private interest urged.—I own  
The powerful charms of Adelaide—her beauty—  
And yet superior virtues fire my soul.  
I own myself her slave—yet fond affection  
Is not the only or the strongest motive.—  
Two rival nations look with anxious eyes  
To see a union which, in common welfare,  
Shall blend their jarring interests.

LEGATE.

What's the welfare,  
The temporal interests of united Europe  
To injur'd heaven?—Behold the sacred fields  
By deluges of martyrs' blood ennobled,  
Now desolate and waste, o'er-run by infidels,  
Who spoil the temples and pollute the altars.  
Rear'd to a present Deity!—Behold  
The outstretch'd arm of vengeance now prepar'd  
To

To strike the blow vindictive!—Shall thy hand  
 Arrest the awful bolt?—My son, my son,  
 Let not delusive dreams of patriot zeal  
 Deceive your fancy; nor beneath the shew  
 Of public virtue hide the selfish passions  
 Enflam'd by female art!

PRINCE RICHARD.

Insulting priest,  
 I tell thee the pure flame that fires my breast,  
 By virtue fann'd, is what thy grosser sense  
 Feels not even in idea! [To KING HENRY] Sir,  
 can you  
 Permit this sanction'd hypocrite to slander  
 The virtues of a Princess you are bound  
 By duty and by honor to protect?

KING HENRY.

You go too far by such injurious words  
 To stain the reverend delegate of heaven.  
 Such insults unatoned may draw upon us,  
 And on our guiltless subjects, the displeasure  
 Of Rome's thrice holy see.

PRINCE RICHARD.

'Twere well for Europe  
 Had she never suffer'd Rome's presumptuous priests  
 To interfere, or guide her various interests,  
 While on our easy faith she builds her greatness,  
 And rears her empire on the neck of kings.—  
 But, sir, I wish the holy pontiff joy  
 Of his new convert.—For the time has been  
 You were not quite so zealous in his service;  
 And when you found the growing power of Rome  
 Cross'd your designs, you mark'd your indignation  
 Even by her servant's blood—and Becket's murder  
 Stands in the sacred legends of the church  
 A witness of your violence.—But when

The

The reverend squadrons combat on your side,  
Tho' in a cause—

LEGATE.

Rash youth, forbear—nor thus  
Arraign the pious councils of the church,  
On love and mercy founded, nor presume  
To execrate a crime that she has pardon'd.—  
Tho' dreadful was the deed, the guiltless blood  
Of martyr'd Becket has been expiated  
By solemn rites of penitence and prayer.

PRINCE RICHARD.

By gold and by corruption, rather say ;  
For which you not alone sanction the crimes  
Of sacrilege and murder ; but your voice,  
With prostituted breath, abets the cause  
Of future violence, and sanctifies  
Incest and perfidy !

LEGATE.

I'll hear no more  
Of this rude profanation !—But, young man,  
Mark what I say, and tremble.—In the name  
Of Rome's high sovereign pontiff, whose decrees  
The Christian world obeys—I will pronounce  
Your nuptials void, if you presume to celebrate  
The interdicted rite, before your vow  
To heaven is satisfied.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Thou dar'st not do it !

LEGATE.

Not dare ! Proud Prince, that will be instant seen.  
Within these walls I reign supreme. If once  
I give the order, here shall Adelaide  
Remain the altar's votary—from thy sight  
And hopes, cut off for ever.

F

PRINCE

## ADELAIDE:

PRINCE RICHARD.

Presumptuous slave! First this avenging arm  
 Shall free mankind from your insulting tyranny.  
*[Draws his sword, but is disarmed.]*

KING HENRY.

Disarm his headstrong rage!

CLIFFORD.

My lord, consider  
 The consequence of this your rash attempt—  
 Forbear—what honor can your vengeance gain  
 Against a priest unarm'd?

LEGATE.

O let his rage  
 Spend all it's idle force.—By sanctity  
 Fenc'd and protected, I defy his threats.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Thank not your vaunted sanctity, but those  
 Whose friendly force my lifted arm prevented,  
 And gave me time to think.—But 'tis enough—  
 I ne'er was recreant in the lists of glory,  
 Nor have I when my honor stood engaged,  
 Much more my solemn faith, shrunk from the  
 conflict;

But ere my sword shall thus be proudly forc'd  
 To wage a war from which my injur'd heart  
 Now turns with indignation, I will throw it  
 For ever from my grasp. *[To the KING]* Sir, you  
 may glory

In this your proud ally—The time may come  
 When you shall feel his insolence, and mourn  
 The rash resolve that tempted you to raise  
 The usurpation of a foreign power  
 To lord it o'er your own, your people's rights.—  
 For me, I bend not to his iron yoke,  
 But fly indignant your dishonor'd court.—

And

And, haughty prelate, know the hour approaches,  
When thou, and thy proud master, shall repent  
The exercise of this officious zeal. *[Exit.]*

KING HENRY.

He's strangely agitated.—Much I fear  
Some dread event from his ungovern'd rage.  
Follow, my son, and try to calm his passions.

*[PRINCE JOHN goes out after his brother, and the  
rest on the opposite side of the stage.]*

*Scene the outside of the Abbey.*

*Re-enter PRINCE RICHARD and PRINCE JOHN.*

PRINCE RICHARD.

Why do you follow me?

PRINCE JOHN.

I come to soothe  
Your ardent grief, to mitigate your woes,  
By friendship's lenient balm.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Not all the powers  
Of friendship, or of love, can soothe a mind  
Tortur'd like mine—stung by repeated insult.  
My only hope is vengeance! That alone,  
Tempt's me to bear this hated load of life.—  
Ungrateful Henry!—When I led your armies,  
I led them on to certain victory—  
They have beheld me in the hostile front  
Of adverse squadrons—they have felt my arm,  
And shrunk beneath the stroke.—Once more I'll  
bear.

My courage, and my fortunes to your foe—  
Again my arms shall shine with dreadful radiance  
In the bright van of Gallia's rival host.—  
Philip will not refuse to own my wrongs,  
But crown my service with its dearest hope,  
And give his lovely sister to my wishes.

## ADELAIDE:

PRINCE JOHN.

What will avail you aught the gift of Philip,  
While Adelaide remains in Henry's power?

PRINCE RICHARD.

True, but her heart is mine—nor dare he force  
Her present sanctuary—now too guarded  
With greater reverence by the Legate's presence.

PRINCE JOHN.

The Legate may be bias'd.—We have seen  
How interest and ambition sway his influence.  
He may be brought to sanction violence  
As well as perfidy—and for the heart  
Of Adelaide—

PRINCE RICHARD.

'Twere sacrilege to doubt it—  
She is all truth, all constancy, all virtue.

PRINCE JOHN.

It may be so, perhaps—But thro' the medium  
Of fond affection's partial eye, her merits  
May shine with heighten'd lustre.—My opinion  
Of female virtue is not quite so sanguine—  
Nor do I know the constancy so rooted,  
As not to yield before the immediate prospect  
Of wealth and power.

PRINCE RICHARD.

O banish from your heart  
The demon of suspicion, whose foul breath  
Poisons each generous thought; your vain surmises  
Had nearly blasted all my hopes, and led me  
To doubt the kindest, and the purest love  
That ever warm'd the breast of truth and beauty.  
He who believes no virtue can resist  
Self-interest and ambition, shews himself  
A slave to both.

PRINCE

# A TRAGEDY.

45

PRINCE JOHN.

That undeserv'd reproach  
Wounds not my conscious truth—Be this the test.  
If you are really lov'd—if her whole heart  
Is to your wish devoted—if the passion  
That Henry entertains is hateful to her,  
And that the dazzling charms of proffer'd greatness  
Sway not her resolutions, she must know  
The abbey's walls yield but a weak defence.  
Paint all her dangers to her, and persuade her  
To join your flight, and seek her brother's court,  
As the sole means of safety and protection.  
If she refuse this proof—if here she stay,  
Trusting to Henry's power, whatever reasons  
Her sophistry may urge, his suit is not  
So dreadful to her feelings as she feigns.

PRINCE RICHARD.

I see the horrors of her situation,  
And doubt not her compliance.—Ah! too well  
I know the fervor of my father's passions,  
When rous'd by love or interest. Adelaide,  
You shall partake my fortunes—I will place  
Your present danger in so strong a light,  
That you must be persuaded, must forsake  
These fatal cloisters for your brother's court,  
And the protection of a lover's arms.  
Say, will you share my hazards?

PRINCE JOHN.

In your enterprise  
With ardor I embark—Yet let me pause—  
Perhaps 'twere prudent not to join you now.  
Here I may do you better service—Clifford,  
That bastard scion from my father's stock,  
Is to his cause strongly attach'd—His courage  
And courteous manners make him popular,  
And the few English troops he here commands

Are

Are all at his devotion. I will try  
 To lure them from their chief, and win them over  
 To your designs. When this I have effected,  
 I will avow myself, and boldly stand  
 The warm avenger of my brother's wrongs.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

*Scene a Court before the Palace.*

PRINCE JOHN *alone.*

PRINCE JOHN.

**T**HUS far my schemes have prosper'd: Adelaide  
 I know will never be induc'd to join  
 The hasty flight of Richard—that refusal  
 Renews his jealousy, and turns his love  
 To deadly hatred.—Soft—is that so certain?  
 The earnest suit of Richard, and those doubts  
 Of Henry's purpose which my art suggested,  
 May work upon her fears. She must be stopp'd.  
 And see where Clifford comes—his honest zeal  
 Shall be the engine of my purpose.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

Clifford!

In happy hour you come; your friendly counsel  
 And generous aid are wanted.—O I grieve  
 To see the promis'd harvest of our hopes  
 Blasted so soon.—The demon of dissention  
 Now stalks again at large.

CLIFFORD.

The legate's pride,  
 And Henry's blind compliance with his wishes,  
 Have rais'd a tempest that will pour its fury  
 On our distracted country.

# A TRAGEDY.

47

PRINCE JOHN.

Yes, my friend,  
I am bewilder'd in the maze of dangers  
That lie on every side: but most I fear  
My brother's violence—I know he meditates  
A new revolt.

CLIFFORD.

Cannot your words prevent him?  
You have his confidence.

PRINCE JOHN.

You might as well  
Counsel the waves to silence when the tempest  
Sweeps o'er the boiling ocean, as persuade  
His bosom to be calm when the fierce gust  
Of sudden passion heaves it.—Much I fear  
He will not quit alone his father's court.  
He means to bear the lovely Adelaide  
To Philip's camp, companion of his flight.  
But this must be prevented.—She an hostage,  
We may make terms with her impetuous brother,  
Who else, by Richard aided, threatens ruin  
To our o'er-number'd force.—Be it your care  
To watch the abbey walls that she escapes not.

[Exit.]

CLIFFORD.

Yes, artful Prince—and I will watch thee too;  
For much I doubt that thy insidious wiles  
Have caus'd this fatal change. The breast of  
Richard,  
You say, is torn by passion!—but whose breath,  
By false insinuation, rais'd the tempest,  
And blew it into madness? O'er our heads  
Destruction hangs; and those whose timely care  
Might stay the impending storm, sway'd by in-  
terest  
Or blind revenge, precipitate its fall.

One

One only chance remains.—I'll try at least  
 To undeceive the King, whose easy breast  
 Perfidious John has poison'd.—If his fix'd,  
 His partial fondness for him, makes him scorn  
 My honest counsel, I discharge my duty  
 To my misguided Prince and injur'd country.

[*Exit.*

*Scene the Abbey.*

ADELAIDE *alone.*

Each ray of hope is lost—I find the Legate  
 Refuses to release my gallant Richard  
 From his rash vow.—Our nuptials are postpon'd—  
 Perhaps for ever!—The events of battle  
 Who can foresee!—Besides, imperious Henry  
 May force me from the cloisters.—No—there is  
 One path that leads to safety—If I see  
 Aught that appears like violence, the altar  
 Shall be my refuge—I'll devote myself  
 By vows irrevocable, and assume  
 The holy veil.—O heavens, the prince!

*Enter PRINCE RICHARD.*

PRINCE RICHARD.

My life, my lovely Adelaide!  
 We are undone, inevitably ruin'd.—  
 My father has prevailed—Corrupted Rome  
 Abets his schemes—it is resolv'd to part us.

ADELAIDE.

Alas! I am not to learn the fatal tidings,  
 I am inform'd of all.

PRINCE RICHARD.

And must we part?

ADELAIDE.

The thought is death—yet what alternative?

PRINCE RICHARD.

To fly.

ADELAIDE.

ADELAÏDE.

Impossible !

PRINCE RICHARD.

What ! shall I fit  
 The pointed mark for injury and insult  
 To shoot their arrows at ?—tamely behold  
 The best, the dearest rights of human nature  
 By sacrilegious insolence invaded,  
 And, with the patient meekness of a hermit,  
 Bow to the stroke, and kiss the hand that wrongs  
 me ?

Not such my temper.—No—I have resolv'd  
 Instant to fly from these ungrateful walls,  
 And join your brother's arms—he will receive  
 The injur'd friend that Henry has abandon'd,  
 Espouse my cruel wrongs, and give me vengeance ;  
 And from his hand I shall receive those charms  
 My father's shameless perfidy denies me.—  
 Why droops my love ?

ADELAÏDE.

Your rash resolve alarms me—  
 Have you consider'd well, maturely weigh'd  
 Each consequence of this wild enterprise ?

PRINCE RICHARD.

I have.—The Norman troops are all to me  
 Firmly devoted ; and the English warriors,  
 In numbers weak, and more than half, my friends.  
 Fear not, my love, this arm even from the shadow  
 Of danger shall protect you.

ADELAÏDE.

Ah, my Richard !  
 Your sanguine hopes deceive you—there are dan-  
 gers  
 From which no force, no numbers can protect us.

G

PRINCE

PRINCE RICHARD.

These are the coinage of your timid fancy—  
Phantoms of fear.

ADELAIDE.

Phantoms of fear ! O Richard,  
Are all the sacred duties of our life,  
The charities of love, the claims of virtue,  
But merely phantoms ? Say, are all the precepts  
With care imprinted on our infant bosoms,  
Which mark alone, or which should mark alone,  
The pride of birth, the dignity of station,  
Are these delusions all—the mere inventions  
Of human art, of prejudice and error ?  
Is there no fear but what endangers life ?—  
Is to preserve a miserable being,  
Debas'd by servile infamy, degraded  
By self-condemning conscience, all our care ?

PRINCE RICHARD.

What action of my life has given you cause  
To deem my heart could entertain a thought  
Of such unworthy meanness ?

ADELAIDE.

No—my soul  
Acquits you of the charge.—I know your heart  
Is truly noble, and when clear reflection  
Dispels the mists that cloud your better reason,  
Will still pursue the shining track of virtue.  
Look to the fields of glory, where your arm  
Has turn'd the scale of many a bloody day,  
And ask if conquest came without a conflict.  
Who gains a trophy from a foe unarm'd ?  
Nor lie in camps alone the lists of honor.  
O there are combats harder than the field's,  
Where the insidious foe betrays within ;  
And he whose coward virtue only triumphs  
When not assail'd by trial and temptation,

Is

Is not true honor's servant.  
While from the shadow of disgrace you fly,  
You run to meet the substance.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Meet I not  
The substance here—does not her horrid form  
Glare in my starting eyes where'er I turn?—  
Here is her dire abode, and to avoid  
The baleful object, I must fly these walls.

ADELAIDE.

Let not the enfuriate demons of revenge  
Impose upon your senses, and assume  
The specious form of honor.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Just revenge  
Is sanctified by honor, which without it  
Becomes a lifeless mass.

ADELAIDE.

But who shall judge  
When our revenge is just?—Not the swoll'n bosom  
Inflam'd by recent injury.—Revenge  
Alone is just when in impartial hands;  
But there are situations which disarm  
Even justice of her sword—No private wrong  
Should cancel duties that we owe our country;  
No insult arm a son against a father.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Such injuries as mine, nature revolts at,  
And feels in such a strife her laws suspended—  
My country will espouse my cause.

ADELAIDE.

For which,  
In friendly gratitude, you'll rashly plunge her  
In all the miseries of civil war.  
But for a moment place the dreadful scene  
Before your eyes.—Think only—

## ADELAIDE:

PRINCE RICHARD.

I can think  
Of nothing but of thee, and the dread horrors  
To which I leave thee—That shall never be!  
The thought is madness—Let us fly together.

ADELAIDE.

No—if my prayers, my reasoning are too weak,  
To turn you from your purpose, lead you back  
To the deserted paths of fame and duty,  
I will be true to what I owe myself.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Heavens! do I hear you right?—Do you refuse  
To share my sinking fortune?—Were your vows  
Of endless faith, unshaken constancy,  
Breath'd to the winds?

ADELAIDE.

O do not wrong me thus—  
The powers of earth and heaven can witness for me,  
There's no extreme of wretchedness and want,  
I would not share with you—On the bare earth,  
Expos'd to all the warring elements,  
Sure of your love, and proud of conscious innocence,  
I were supremely blest—  
But ah! to feel myself the vile associate  
Of infamy and vice—nay, more, the cause—  
It is a price too great to purchase all  
This world can give—to purchase even your love.

PRINCE RICHARD.

And add, my happiness, my life.—Alas!  
What do I say? they are no longer dear  
To Adelaide—I am lov'd no more.

ADELAIDE.

Belov'd no more!—And do my weeping eyes,  
My agitated bosom, speak indifference?  
But, ah! what love can last that is not founded  
On virtue and esteem?—Your own cool judgment,  
The raging storm of passion once subsided,  
Would

Would even despise me, curse the hated cause,  
That, like a wandering meteor, led your steps  
From honor's path,  
And hate the partner of your infamy.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Hate thee!—By heaven, tho' now my laboring  
fancy  
Forms such dire images as almost lead me  
To doubts of horror, you engross my soul—  
Thought cannot paint the ardor of my passion—  
I love you even to torture.—Can it be—  
Can such a perfect form inherit falsehood?

ADELAIDE.

That mean insinuation would offend me,  
Did not my soul partake the bitter anguish  
That wrings your bosom.

PRINCE RICHARD.

And you pity me.—  
Ah! what, alas! is unavailing pity  
To a distracted wretch you will not save!—  
You talk of love and fondness, yet you see me  
'Whelm'd in a deep abyss of misery,  
And will not stretch a friendly arm to save me.

ADELAIDE.

Yes, I would save you—save your peace, your  
honor.

PRINCE RICHARD.

What! by the ruin of my fondest hopes,  
The shipwreck of my love?—For, in my absence,  
Henry perhaps—

ADELAIDE.

Am I so mean an object,  
So sunk in men's opinions, that he dare  
To offer violence to Philip's sister?

PRINCE

## ADELAIDE:

PRINCE RICHARD.  
By passion urg'd, and sure of present power,  
The feeble image of a distant danger  
Will vanish from his thought—What shall defend  
Your innocence from violence?—

ADELAIDE.  
Myself—

My own determin'd will.

PRINCE RICHARD.  
We easily  
Despise a danger which we do not fear.  
I see my folly now, that strove to wake  
A sense of terror in a faithless woman  
Of what she wishes, and who now despises  
The wretched object of her former love,  
When plac'd in competition with a crown.

ADELAIDE.  
Eternal powers! have I deserv'd this usage—  
This cruel imputation?

PRINCE RICHARD.  
Your own heart  
Must answer, yes—Even now your looks betray  
The secret of your heart.—Perfidious maid  
Tho' now to quit you rends my tortur'd heart  
strings—  
Degenerate weakness down, nor let a tear  
Bedew my burning cheek—I tear myself  
For ever from your presence—but, beware  
My unexpected vengeance does not come  
To interrupt your joys.

[Exit.]

Enter EMMA.

EMMA.

I met the Prince  
In cruel agitation.—Dearest Madam,  
What dire event?—Alas! you seem disorder'd.

ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE.

Emma, I am undone, for ever wretched,  
Beyond imagination wretched!—doom'd  
To misery and woe.—This dreadful struggle  
Is too severe, I feel myself unequal  
To bear the dreadful conflict.

EMMA.

Let me share  
Your grief, and lighten, by the voice of friendship,  
This weighty load of sorrow.

ADELAIDE.

While my tongue  
Pleaded the cause of duty, that idea  
Aroused my firmness—now 'tis past, and nought  
Appears around me but a night of horror,  
Scorn'd and deserted by the man I love—  
O! Richard, must I never see thee more?  
Is there no hope, no prospect?—Where's the Le-  
gate?—  
Perhaps my tears, my sufferings, may induce him  
To change the rigor of the Roman edict—  
Where is he?—Say—

EMMA.

Alas! your hopes from him,  
I fear, are groundless.—He is with the king,  
Who, as Prince John inform'd me, now solicits  
A dispensation from the rites that bound him  
To Eleanor his consort, with intent  
To marry you himself.

ADELAIDE.

O! monstrous effort  
Of passion unrestrain'd!—Then all the hopes  
With which I fondly propp'd my drooping mind  
Are vanish'd to the winds—my dreams of happi-  
ness  
In this vain world are over, and I fall

A sacrifice

A sacrifice to virtue.—Heaven, who knows  
 The pureness of my heart, accept my vows !  
 For to the sad protection of the altar  
 I fly, from Henry's power—I fly !—alas !  
 That such a flight must be—from love and Richard.  
 For to my bosom, to my beating bosom,  
 In spite of all his rash injurious doubts,  
 His dear idea clings and makes this struggle  
 Worse than the stroke of death !—I will not think !  
 Richard ! I now devote me to the altar,  
 Rather a victim of thy groundless jealousy  
 Than fear of Henry !—Come, my gentle Emma,  
 And hear me breathe the irrevocable vow !

[*Exeunt*]

*Scene, Apartment in the Palace.*

KING HENRY *alone*.

I have been ill advis'd—once more, I fear  
 The fatal flames of discord will be kindled.  
 I feel the hand of time, by trouble strengthen'd,  
 Bear hard upon me—I have not the powers  
 That firmer years, and brighter scenes, once gave  
 me,  
 To crush the pride of a rebellious son,  
 And an unsteady people.

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN.

PRINCE JOHN.

Sir, I grieve  
 To wound your ear with the unhappy tale—  
 But my intemperate brother——

KING HENRY.

What new stroke  
 Of fate awaits me ?—speak !

PRINCE JOHN.

To madness stung  
 By the decision of the Legate, Richard  
 Has left this city, and is fled towards Paris.

KING

KING HENRY.

Where were my troops!—What! did they idle  
stand,

And let the traitor pass?

PRINCE JOHN.

I grieve to say

That you have been betray'd!—The Norman horse  
Revolted with him;—all the rest hung down  
Their heads in sullen silence, nor would act  
Against a hero who so oft had led them.

KING HENRY.

Base and degenerate cowards!—But my vengeance  
Shall overtake your treachery.—Bid my band,  
My faithful band of England's gallant knights,  
Arm and to horse!—Myself will lead them on  
To scourge these renegades—It will not be—  
Alas! my fainting spirits sink beneath  
The weight of grief and age; my feeble arm  
Shrinks from it's purpose—O! my son, my son,  
Lend me thy aid.

PRINCE JOHN.

Have courage, sir, revive,  
Entrust to me your vengeance; let me lead  
Your warriors to the field.

KING HENRY.

It shall be so.—

Go to my faithful English, rouse their rage  
Against these recreant traitors.

PRINCE JOHN.

Sir, perhaps  
They may dispute my orders.

KING HENRY.

Take this signet,  
They will obey that token.—Haste, my son,

H

Lead

Lead them to the pursuit, and bring in chains  
 These base deserters of their Prince and country.  
 [Exit PRINCE JOHN.]

KING HENRY, *alone.*

I feel the heavy load of fate press on me,  
 And bend me to the earth.—These starts of passion  
 O'erpower my waning strength—my failing years  
 Are to my will unequal.—Where are now  
 My friends, my children, who with lenient care  
 Should soothe the lapse of age!—O, Richard!  
 Richard!

Hast thou forgot the tears of penitence  
 That flow'd from Henry's eyes, what time he warn'd  
 thee,  
 With dying accents warn'd thee, to avoid  
 The crime of filial disobedience, which  
 His latest hours embitter'd.—John alone,  
 Of all the issue of proud Eleanor,  
 Retains his duty.—But here comes my Clifford,  
 The blooming offspring of a gentler race,  
 Sprung from my lov'd, my murder'd Rosamond!  
 Whose tried fidelity and gentle manners,  
 Endear him to my heart.

*Enter* CLIFFORD.

KING HENRY.

O! come, my Clifford,  
 And let me pour the sorrows of my soul  
 Into your gentle bosom!—You, perhaps,  
 You too will join with Richard, and forsake me.—  
 Ingratitude's the age's vice!

CLIFFORD.

O! fir,  
 Endear'd to me by every hallow'd tie—  
 My king, my master—Shall my voice presume

To

To add a nobler, and a dearer name ?—  
My ever lov'd, my ever honor'd father,  
If e'er this heart——

KING HENRY.

My Clifford, say no more,  
I cannot doubt thy truth—The gentle candor,  
The ingenuous softness of thy beauteous mother,  
Beam in thine eyes.—Forgive my wayward fancy,  
For, Clifford, I am press'd by many cares,  
And need thy friendly counsel.

CLIFFORD.

Will your ear  
Endure the honest voice of serious truth ?

KING HENRY.

O freely speak the dictates of thy heart,  
I now can bear advice—can bear even censure—  
The days of pride and insolence are gone,  
Fled with my youth and my prosperity—  
My lofty spirit vails it's towering pride  
Beneath the iron hand of hard affliction.

CLIFFORD.

I will not cloath my free opinion, fir,  
In terms of insolence, nor harshly urge  
Memory of errors past—But, might my counsel  
Be heard with favor, Richard should be sought  
With gentle words and terms of reconcilment.

KING HENRY.

What !—bow myself to my rebellious son !—

CLIFFORD.

I do not wish to cloath my thoughts with aught  
That sounds even like upbraiding—Yet, forgive me,  
When I request you but to ask yourself  
If he has not been injur'd.

KING HENRY.

O! you probe  
My bosom to the quick—I hardly dare  
Even ask myself that question.—Yet, what's that  
To his high crimes?—Say I have been to blame—  
Is that a cause for treason and rebellion?—  
I must, I will have vengeance.

CLIFFORD.

Ah! how can you?  
The troops that fled with Richard, when united  
With Philip's numerous host, and bearing with them  
The fame in arms of their brave leader, leave you  
No prospect of success. Remember, sir,  
You are not now on England's sea-girt shore,  
Fenc'd from all danger by the guardian Ocean,  
O'er which she reigns supreme. Nought but a  
weak,  
And ill-defended frontier, here protects you  
From the fierce inroad of a faithless people,  
And an indignant monarch.

KING HENRY.

You're deceiv'd—  
Long ere my rebel son can join with Philip,  
He'll learn to fear my vengeance.—Warlike John,  
Now leads my English horse in close pursuit:  
He will o'ertake the treacherous fugitives,  
And bring them back in triumph.

CLIFFORD.

Have you given  
Prince John the power to lead the valiant troop  
Of English knights that I commanded?

KING HENRY.

Yes—  
He has my signet to enforce obedience.

CLIFFORD.

A TRAGEDY.

61

CLIFFORD.

O! fir, recall that trust—

KING HENRY.

It is too late—

They are already on the march—You look  
With sorrow and amazement.

CLIFFORD.

Royal fir,  
If I have still been faithful—if this arm  
Has ever done you true and loyal service,  
If now you prize your honor and your safety,  
Let me this instant follow him, and try  
What mild and lenient measures will effect,  
Ere it be yet too late. My troubled mind  
Forebodes some fatal issue.

KING HENRY.

Why this quick  
This strange alarm?—John is of cooler temper,  
Not rash and hasty, like his fiery brother.

CLIFFORD.

Ask me not what I fear, or what I know—  
I would not wish to plant another thorn  
Within a breast already too much wounded—  
But trust me once, and let me fly, if possible,  
To close this dreadful breach.

KING HENRY.

What can you do?  
What terms propose, that shall not shake at once  
My honor and my power?—

CLIFFORD.

By all that's sacred  
On earth and heaven, let me conjure you, quit  
Your ill-plac'd jealousy—Persuade the Legate  
To let the holy rites proceed, and give  
Fair Adelaide to Richard's eager wishes.

KING

KING HENRY.

You are not yet aware of half the dangers  
That wait those nuptials—My revolted son  
With Philip leagued—

CLIFFORD.

O! fir, you have a foe  
Nearer than Philip, who with serpent tooth  
Preys on the parent breast that fosters him.  
Detain me not a moment—On my knees  
Let me entreat your confidence—trust me now,  
And let me save you, tho' I perish.

KING HENRY.

There is a mystery in all you say—  
Explain yourself more clearly.

CLIFFORD.

All, in time  
Will fully be explain'd—the present moment  
Admits not of delay.

KING HENRY.

Then go, my Clifford—  
To your discretion and fidelity  
I trust the event.

CLIFFORD.

And may I prosper only  
As I am true to you. My lord, farewell;  
And may I meet you soon with happier prospects.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

## ACT V.

*Scene the Abbey.**ADELAIDE, in a religious habit.*

ADELAIDE.

**M**Y vows are seal'd to heaven—eternal oaths,  
 Breath'd with religious zeal, have shut me  
 / now

For ever from the world, and 'tis in vain  
 To throw one look behind me—Yet, my Richard,  
 My lingering heart still breathes a sigh for thee—  
 It must not be—I will subdue the force  
 Of it's rebellious feelings, and devote  
 My thoughts alone to heaven.

*Enter EMMA.*

Come, my Emma,  
 Thy presence shall assist my weak resolves.  
 The bosom still will cling to some lov'd object,  
 And friendship may, without offence, survive  
 The cloister's silent tomb.

EMMA.

I hope to gild  
 Your grief with brighter prospects—You may yet  
 Be free, be happy.

ADELAIDE.

Never—I am now  
 Securely shelter'd from the gusts of fortune  
 In this still harbor.—Shall I venture forth  
 To try again the various storms that wait  
 To wreck the votaries of a troubled world?—  
 Besides—my solemn vows are now recorded  
 In the irrevocable doom of heaven;  
 Nor can I, if I would, evade their force—

Or

Or could they be revok'd, the injurious wrongs  
Of Richard's doubts and Henry's lawless passion—

EMMA.

You have been much deceiv'd—both been de-  
ceiv'd—

The wiles of John—

ADELAIDE.

Ah! my prophetic fears  
Were then too just.—My heart ever mistrusted  
His dark reserve—Proceed my friend.

EMMA.

His arts,  
Beneath the mask of friendly care, instill'd  
A mutual jealousy between the King  
And his too hasty son—This, Clifford now  
Has to my ears imparted—He is gone,  
By Henry's special order, to bring back  
Misguided Richard.

ADELAIDE.

That is now too late!—  
Why did my rash precipitation drive me  
To breathe the fatal vow which has cut off  
My hope of joy for ever—Yet, why mourn  
The only step that could ensure my peace?—  
O I were weak indeed again to trust  
My future happiness to the wild passions  
Of one, who thus, by causeless doubt alarm'd,  
Threw me with scorn, an outcast from his bosom.

*Enter KING HENRY.*

KING HENRY.

Start not, my Adelaide, nor think I come  
A bold intruder here; for in my heart,  
My wounded heart, I feel, alas! too strongly  
A sense of former injuries to thee  
And my revolted son.—You turn away  
Your eyes indignant.

ADELAIDE.

# A TRAGEDY.

65

ADELAIDE.

Sir, the stormy passions  
Of scorn, and of resentment, ill become  
A mind devoted to the meek profession  
Of peace and resignation.

KING HENRY.

That reflection  
Redoubles all my sorrows.—'Twas the frenzy  
Of my rash jealousy, that drove your innocence  
To this retreat ; but you may yet be happy,  
My son may still be your's, and those mild eyes  
Beam peace and safety on discordant nations,  
And heal the wounds this fatal day has given  
To my distracted house.

ADELAIDE.

It cannot be.  
Were I, tho' that's impossible, set free  
From these my sacred vows, your son, alas !  
Could never be my choice.—The injurious treat-  
ment—

KING HENRY.

My Adelaide, you are too good, too just,  
To let my errors fall on hapless Richard.  
They rous'd his jealousy.

ADELAIDE.

That is past,  
Irrevocably past—it matters little  
From whom my misery arose—my vows  
Are now beyond recall.

KING HENRY.

Think not so,  
They may be cancell'd—Rome has ample power,  
As well as will, to serve me.—Where's the Legate ?  
I did expect him here.

ATTENDANT.

The Legate now  
Is in the abbey, sir, and waits your pleasure.

I

KING

## ADELAIDE:

KING HENRY.

O bid him quickly enter.—Lovely Adelaide  
Retire awhile.—I hope this interview  
Will seal your peace.

ADELAIDE.

I shall await the event.—Tho' of the hope  
For other peace, than solitude and prayer  
Can give within these walls, I feel no presage.

[*Exeunt ADELAIDE and EMMA.*]*Enter the* LEGATE.

LEGATE.

My lord, I come to rouse your tardy zeal.—  
Where are the troops, the warlike preparations,  
That Richard is to head against the infidels?—  
All Europe now is warm in expectation,  
England alone excepted.

KING HENRY.

Holy father,  
I fear our hopes are blighted in the bud.  
The youthful warrior who should lead my troops  
To Philip is revolted, and with him,  
Threatens our safety.—I have now no force  
For distant war, happy if I can guard  
My own dominions from their arms.

LEGATE.

Fear not,  
I will protect them. For if royal Philip  
Presume to join in Richard's rash rebellion,  
Or form designs against a realm, whose arms  
Are now devoted to our common cause,  
I will denounce the church's vengeance on him.  
And, should he pertinaciously persist,  
Turn the collected force that's now assembled,  
On him and his adherents.

KING HENRY.

Yet, perhaps,

There

There is a milder way to calm this tempest,  
And give the nation peace.

LEGATE.

Name it, my lord.  
O Heaven forefend, we e'er should have recourse  
To violence, when gentler means are offer'd,  
Or speak in terror, when the seraph voice  
Of mercy may be heard.

KING HENRY.

Then thus, my lord.  
Absolve the royal virgin from her vows,  
Breath'd in rash haste, and for a time dispense  
With Richard's service, 'till his promis'd nuptials  
With Adelaide are over.

LEGATE.

Think not of it—  
It cannot be.

KING HENRY.

Yet hear me. Suffer not  
Intemperate zeal, with over weening haste  
To hurt the sacred cause it would support.  
You now can have but a divided force.  
Consent but to these nuptials, and defer  
For a short space the war—that time elaps'd,  
England and France united, 'neath the banners  
Of my victorious son, shall to it's basis  
Shake the proud throne of Saladin.

LEGATE.

Your purpose  
Is strangely alter'd since we last convers'd.  
But tho' these fickle wav'rings of the mind,  
May suit, perhaps, with temporal concerns,  
The will of heaven is permanent, and bends not  
To the weak changes of capricious man.

KING HENRY.

You will not then accede to my proposal?—

LEGATE.

Never—it cannot be—nay, urge me not.

KING HENRY.

Curse on my crooked policy, that first  
 Invok'd your aid, and made myself your slave.  
 O Adelaide! O Richard! O my children!  
 My cruel perseverance has undone you,  
 For I have arm'd a ruthless power against you,  
 And try in vain to shield you from it's fury.  
 But know, insulting priest! I will not suffer  
 Myself, my injur'd children, and my people,  
 To reap the bitter fruits my hand has sown.  
 I will appeal to England's laws, which oft  
 Have check'd the encroachments of your haughty  
 pontiff;  
 They shall annihilate these impious vows,  
 And join the hands of Adelaide and Richard.

LEGATE.

I smile with scorn at such unmeaning threats.  
 You and your frantic islanders will dare  
 To break these vows?—Attempt it, and that mo-  
 ment  
 I publish Rome's anathema against you,  
 And your rebellious people. Farther—should you  
 With sacrilegious insolence presume  
 To solemnize these nuptials, and unite  
 Your son with a recluse—your bleeding realms;  
 While a foul brand lies on their spurious race  
 For ages, shall lament the dire effects  
 Of a contested, and unfix'd succession.  
 And now, my lord, farewell, to your own counsels,  
 And your obedient sons, I leave the event. [*Exit.*]

KING HENRY.

This is, alas! the fatal consequence  
 Of my appeal to Rome. The dreadful weapon  
 Is turn'd against myself—Thus is it ever  
 With those who would accomplish rash designs

By

By evil means—O never let the mind  
Of manly firmness seek to gain it's purpose  
By means that honor turns from—nor a monarch  
Basely submit his own, his people's rights,  
To the decisions of a foreign power.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

Clifford!—Return'd alone?—Have you succeeded?  
Do you bring peace?—Your brow, alas! portends  
Some dreadful tidings—speak—Where are my  
sons?

Say, did you come in time to check the fury  
Of John's attack?

CLIFFORD.

There was no cause—the princes  
Met without violence.

KING HENRY.

'Twas as I thought—  
Did I not augur right?—Did I not say  
The prudence of my younger son would justify  
The charge I trusted to him—O! I knew  
He would not rashly give the rein to vengeance:—  
You seem to heed me not!—What means this si-  
lence!  
Where are my sons?—Do they approach?

CLIFFORD.

They do.

KING HENRY.

Quick let me meet them, fly to their embrace;  
And in the strength of my united house,  
Laugh at the haughty menace of the Legate.

CLIFFORD.

O! stay my royal lord—for if you go,  
You go to ruin and captivity.

KING HENRY.

Your words amaze me! Solve these contradictions.  
Did

Did you not say my sons were reconcil'd?  
That John——

CLIFFORD.

Is a perfidious traitor!

KING HENRY.

Rash young man,  
Do not provoke my rage. I know his faith,  
Approv'd, unshaken; nor will hear a doubt,  
That envious hate, or jealousy may breathe  
Against his firm attachment to his father.

CLIFFORD.

Envious of him? Jealous of his attachment  
To you, my lord?—I were, indeed, the worst,  
The most abandon'd traitor, if I could  
But even in thought, betray the trust you gave,  
As he has done.

KING HENRY.

Away! no more of this

CLIFFORD.

O! fir, if my destruction were alone  
The fatal consequence of your persisting  
Still in this pleasing error, I would never  
Offend you with the truth, but calmly yield  
To that worst ill, your undeserv'd displeasure;  
Lie under the suspicion of employing  
The envious arts of secret defamation,  
To injure him you love. But, fir, your safety,  
Your liberty demand that I should speak  
The atrocious deed. Fly from these walls this in-  
stant;  
You have not here a moment's safety! Know  
The princes, with united powers approach,  
First to depose, and then imprison you.

KING HENRY.

Ha!—both the princes said you?—

CLIFFORD.

# A TRAGEDY.

71

CLIFFORD.

Yes, sir, both.—

As with arm'd heels I urg'd my fiery courser  
In the pursuit of John, I met his force  
Returning with the rebel troops of Richard,  
In friendly folds their mingled banners waving,  
But hostile each to you.—I then deliver'd  
The terms of general peace and pardon to them;  
Terms, which imperious Richard only answer'd  
By scorn and indignation, which were blown  
To tenfold violence by the suggestions,  
And dark insidious hints.

KING HENRY.

O, my swell'd heart!—

Speak not his hated name, lest like the dagger  
Of foul unnatural parricide, it pierce  
My bleeding bosom.—Have I thus, beneath  
The semblance of the purest filial love,  
Foster'd ingratitude!—My fondest hope,  
The only stay of my declining years,  
Is vanish'd into air.—I feel it here—  
With deadly force it rends my breaking heart.—  
I sink beneath the blow!

*[Falls into the arms of his Attendants.]*

CLIFFORD.

Sir, look up—

Be comforted;—resume your resolution!

KING HENRY.

Never!—this fatal stroke has kill'd my hopes.—  
I have no joy, no consolation, left me.—  
My Clifford, I have wrong'd thy faithful service  
By causeless doubt!

CLIFFORD.

Waste not a thought on me.—

*[Trumpet at a distance.]*

Heard

Heard you that warlike sound?—Sir, they approach—

O! for your own, and for your people's sake,  
Consult your safety.—Urge with speed your flight—  
The danger presses.—I will face the storm  
With the few faithful troops I can assemble,  
While you escape.—Ruin surrounds you here—  
But could you reach the shores of England—

KING HENRY.

No!  
Death is my choice, and I can perish here.  
I feel the languor of declining life  
O'erwhelm my fainting frame.—My woes, alas!  
Will be of short duration.—Happy island!  
Seat of my former glory, ne'er again  
Shall thy white cliffs rise to my longing eyes  
In pleasing prospect—never more these lungs  
Inhale the balmy fragrance of thy air.—  
France must receive my ashes—yet, my Clifford,  
Let not my destiny involve thee—fly!  
Preserve thyself, and leave me to my fate.

CLIFFORD.

Now you indeed are cruel—your suspicions  
Do hurt me now.—Leave you? and can you deem  
So basely of me?—No, sir, I will stay  
And sacrifice my latest breath to serve you.

KING HENRY.

O! my dear son, thy filial virtue comes  
Like the faint radiance of the setting ray  
That gilds the evening storm, to cheer the close  
Of my tempestuous days. They soothe my anguish,  
And almost teach me not to hate mankind—  
My only thought towards life is, how to recompense  
Such exemplary goodness;—but I feel

It

It cannot be—I die!—and leave my power  
To those who have destroy'd me—in whose eyes  
Fidelity to me will be a crime.—

Oh! I am sick to death;—lead—lead me in.

[*Exit, led by CLIFFORD.*]

*Scene before the Abbey.*

*Enter PRINCE RICHARD, and PRINCE JOHN, with  
English and Norman Soldiers.*

PRINCE RICHARD.

My brave companions, prosperous fortune smiles  
Upon our waving ensigns; all who meet us,  
Meet us as friends, and swell our growing ranks  
With their encreasing numbers!—But these walls,  
These fatal walls, strike terror thro' my soul!—  
My breast is chill'd with fear—perhaps my Ade-  
laide

Is now devoted to my father's arms!—

Summon the inmates of this dreary mansion!

ABBESS, *at the grate.*

What voice profane, so loudly dares disturb  
The peaceful sabbath of this holy dome?

PRINCE RICHARD.

Richard of England; who comes here the cham-  
pio

Of innocence, and beauty.—When the walls  
Devoted to religion yield a refuge

To persecuted virtue, they are sacred

From worldly interruption; every spear

Should bow its steely point in holy reverence—

But when they once become the guilty seat

Of violence and outrage, every claim

Of sanctity is lost; each gloomy cloister

Is by the hand severe of equal justice,

Mark'd for destruction.—Therefore, on the instant

K

Bring

Bring forth my Adelaide, or by my honor,  
A soldier's injur'd honor, I will raze  
This fabric to the earth.

*Enter ADELAIDE from the Abbey.*

ADELAIDE.

Forber, rash man,  
Your guilty violence—nor after breaking  
The sacred laws of duty, and of honor,  
Revolting from your king, your fire, your country,  
Wage impious war with heaven.

PRINCE RICHARD.

My Adelaide,  
Are your vows pass'd—Then I am truly wretched.

ADELAIDE.

'Tis so indeed, my lord. But yet remember  
Whose groundless jealousy, whose words injurious,  
Whose harsh reproofs, disclaiming even the shadow  
Of tenderness and love, have driven me hither.  
I had no other proof, alas! to give,  
That my rejected heart was true to you,  
Tho' it refus'd to share your crimes—That virtue,  
And not a pageant sceptre, was the idol  
That I preferr'd even to your love.

PRINCE RICHARD.

O cruel  
And fatal proof, that has for ever doom'd me  
To misery and woe!—To see you torn  
For ever from me thus—to find you innocent,  
Yet know you never can be mine.—Distraction!

ADELAIDE.

[*Going.*]

Farewell.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Ah! do not leave me, Adelaide—  
Give me one tender word, one parting look.

ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE.

Yes—I will speak once more—nay, will confess,  
 That spite of all the holy vows I breath'd,  
 Nor time, nor prayer, nor penitence, I fea,  
 Will ever blot you from my wounded bosom,  
 Till in the dark oblivion of the grave  
 Your image and my life are sunk together.  
 I feel I've said too much—My lord, farewell!  
 Where e'er you go, may prosperous fortune wait you,  
 And angels shield you in the hour of danger  
 With love as zealous, and as pure as mine:  
 And when some fairer and some happier virgin  
 (You cannot meet a truer) shall receive  
 With more auspicious stars your nuptial vows,  
 If e'er the fervid temper of your mind  
 Lead you to doubt her faith, O let one thought  
 Of your unhappy Adelaide come o'er  
 Your ruffled soul, and tell you, innocence  
 May be unjustly slandered.—Take my sad,  
 My last adieu—for we must meet no more. [*Exit.*]

PRINCE RICHARD.

Stay, stay, my only hope!—Leave me not thus  
 A prey to deep remorse and woe—She is gone—  
 For ever gone—and am I left alone,  
 Amid a world that gives no joy without her.—  
 Curse on my blind credulity, that mov'd me  
 To wound her tried fidelity.

PRINCE JOHN.

Why blame  
 With such asperity the glaring proofs  
 On which your scorn was founded? Be not ever  
 Dup'd by the false pretence of female artifice.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Enough of this—I have, alas! too much  
 Listened to your suggestions.—That dark mind,

Is much too prone, I fear, to judge of others  
 By what it reads within—Your dangerous counsels  
 Have ruin'd me.—The only consolation  
 That now remains is vengeance—Yes, those walls  
 Shall feel my fury—and, unnatural father,

*[Pointing to the town.]*

You shall partake my ruin—Calls of duty,  
 And impulse of affection, I disclaim you—  
 Ye shall not check my rage—Assist me soldiers.

*Enter CLIFFORD from the Abbey.*

CLIFFORD.

Stay thy ungovern'd violence, rash man,  
 Nor further tempt thy fate.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Clifford!—Away!  
 Stop not the torrent of my just revenge,  
 Lest it o'erwhelm thee.

CLIFFORD.

And is Clifford then  
 So little known to Richard, that he thinks  
 His threatenings will appal him? Are the towers  
 Of Mans forgot, where this true breast, undaunted,  
 Oppos'd itself a bulwark to your numbers,  
 In our dear father's cause, while your fell sword  
 Hunted his sacred life. Alas! this hour  
 Demands not manly courage—'tis not now  
 That spears and swords must triumph—Here's a fight  
 To freeze your impious ardor, rivet down  
 With gorgon look your stiffen'd limbs to earth.

*[King Henry's body brought in.]*

Unnatural offspring of a murder'd king,  
 Slain by your harsh unkindness!—Parricides!  
 Look on that corse, and if the seeds of nature  
 Yet live within your breasts—weep tears of blood.

PRINCE

PRINCE RICHARD.

O fight of woe—My father! O my father!  
*[Dropping his sword.]*

PRINCE JOHN.

Ah, lamentable day!—

CLIFFORD.

And dost thou weep,  
 Perfidious hypocrite, whose cruel treachery  
 First broke his noble heart—That was the shaft  
 That brought him to the dust. With manly firmness  
 He bore his son's revolt, his faithless troops;  
 Yes, blush ye shame to English loyalty;

*[To the English soldiers.]*

The Legate's insolence, who refus'd to break  
 The vows of Adelaide; for know, and mourn  
 Thy haste—misguided prince, he was employing  
 Each means to heal thy sufferings, while the breath  
 Of that malignant traitor, which first rais'd  
 Your mutual jealousy, was then corrupting  
 Thy faith by new suspicions.

PRINCE JOHN.

'Tis as false  
 As hell and thee.—

CLIFFORD.

Did not yon awful ruin  
 Of murder'd majesty, o'ercharge with sorrow  
 My better spirits, this vindictive arm  
 Should force thy recreant accents to confess  
 The truth of what I say—that now is past—  
 This hand shall never grasp a sword again.  
 For when I have perform'd the solemn rites  
 To martyr'd Henry's shade, I vow to give  
 The remnant of my life to holy duties.  
 Whene'er you call upon me, I will prove  
 To you, and all mankind, this dreadful charge,  
 Not by the doubtful arm of violence,  
 But by true facts, and clear unbiafs'd witness.

PRINCE

## PRINCE RICHARD.

If he does prove this charge—and much I fear  
 It will be so—I shall for ever hold thee  
 An alien to my blood—unfit to taint  
 The light of day, and social haunts of man—  
 Till then we hold thee prisoner—Injur'd corse,  
 I tremble to approach thee, lest thy blood  
 Bursting it's swelling channels, rush upon me,  
 And mark me as thy murderer.—Clifford, see  
 The obsequies with reverend care perform'd ;—  
 For I will fly these climes, and you, my friends,  
 Companions of my guilt—but by that guilt,  
 Alas ! seduc'd—together let us go,  
 And, on the stern oppressors of our faith,  
 Expiate our crimes.—And thou, much injur'd saint,  
 In these lone walls secluded, in thy orisons,  
 When thou pour'st forth thy servent soul in pray'r,  
 O breathe one sigh for a repentant wretch,  
 Whom the wild frenzy of ungovern'd passion  
 Has torn from thee, and happiness, for ever.

## END OF THE FIFTH ACT.